Submission Agenda:
ORIGINS
By Pegasus

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Prologue:
The Taking of the White Queen

I returned to the house in Oak Park, in the suburbs outside of Chicago, for the first time since I had left for Los Angeles with my fledgling harem in tow. It had been nearly two years since I'd been home. Two years since my powers manifested and I took Stef, remaking her in my image. Two years since we lost our parents. Two years of ever-increasing debauchery as I shared my bed with some of the most beautiful women in the world — models, actresses, porn stars, sometimes all at once.

Stef and I had spent my last few days in LA discussing our plans, the scheme that would begin this next, new phase of the Agenda. She knew of my growing fascination with Emma Frost and the X-Men, the beautiful and powerful women I had been researching for months, preparing for this moment. She felt my hunger, the lust that was driving me. I knew she would do anything I asked, and I knew that she would be essential to this next chapter. She had her own mission, separate from mine, and I dispatched her to New York while I returned to our family home.

I walked down the long hallway leading past our old rooms, down to the master bedroom we'd shared. The house was full of memories — the spot where I'd first raped Stef on the floor, the night we'd first brought Madison home after Homecoming, the cheerleader orgy I'd contrived with Alana… There was something empty and melancholic about returning. I was a different person than the boy I'd been when I'd lived here. I'd moved on to a different life.

I set up in my dad's old office and sat down to check my email. Emma Frost was scheduled to arrive within the hour. She had offered to visit personally, as head of recruitment for the Xavier Academy. She knew I was a mutant, and there was some sort of offer involved, a recruitment opportunity… And I suspected ulterior motives as well, as she had been working and conniving for years now to steal my father's company from me. She was on her way to accruing a controlling stake, buying up stock discreetly through various hedge funds and trusts. I'm sure she expected this to be a sort of victory lap. After all, I was only 16. Just some dumb punk kid. She was bound to underestimate me. In fact, I was counting on it.

My company employed a team of private investigators and researchers, the same people who had assembled the dossier on Emma and the X-Men all those months ago. Through them, I'd been tracking Emma's movements since she left New York that morning. First, she'd chartered a private jet from JFK to Chicago O'Hare. From there, she had reserved a limousine from a car service that would transport her from the airport to the suburbs of Oak Park, about a 45-minute drive. The limousine was to wait

outside my home and then return her to the airport, where she would fly back to NYC. And I knew she had requested the private jet be stocked with champagne and caviar.

So, she was in a celebratory mood after all. I smiled thinly as I reviewed her itinerary on my laptop screen. My cock was firming nicely in my pants, my body thrumming with the anticipatory build-up of lust before the inevitable debauchery that lay ahead. Since I had begun devising this plan, my cock had been hard or semi-hard almost 24/7, my obsession feeding a persistent, elevated sense of arousal that even Stef had been unable to fully relieve me of. I usually got this way when there was fresh prey, a new target ahead of me… but this was different. More intense, more acute.

Emma was in my thoughts all the time now. I wanted her deeply, completely — and I would have her. When I thought of her, savage urges rushed through my body, images of how I would take her. Memories of the dreams I was now convinced were in fact psychic premonitions, a side-effect of my burgeoning telepathic powers.

My phone chimed and I looked down at a live-updating GPS map showing a blue dot approaching.

She was close.

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When the doorbell rang, I took a few deep breaths to steady my nerves, and then stepped forward and opened the door wide to reveal Emma Frost. I did my best to control my expression, smiling broadly.

She was dressed in a casual blazer (white, of course), with a lacy bustier underneath barely containing her swelling bosom. Ample cleavage was on display, verging on the edge of indecent, and I was surprised she would wear something so blatantly sexually suggestive to a meeting with an underage potential student. Her FF-cup breasts strained against the fabric of her top, bulging out of the neckline, spreading the lapels of her jacket wide. A pencil skirt (also white) hugged her flaring hips tightly, and her perfectly rounded ass was a firm shelf jutting out behind her, leading down to sculpted, tone legs. Two pristine white stiletto heels completed her ensemble.

She was curvaceous and voluptuous, the corset giving her an exaggerated hourglass figure. Her skin was like porcelain, clear and unblemished. Her pouting lips were pink and plump. A wave of radiant blonde shoulder-length hair framed her perfect features as she smiled back winningly.

Her icy blue eyes flashed with satisfaction as she noticed my gaze flickering down to the buffet of all-natural tiflesh on display. Tearing my eyes away from her firm, ripe tits, I looked back up into her eyes.

There was something about her, a sense of total confidence, a self-assured superiority I'd never witnessed before in any other woman. She was beautiful, more beautiful than

she had even seemed in the profile photos in her dossier, but there was more to it than that. She was a challenge. Her whole demeanor touched something deep inside me, something savage and wanton. I wanted to strip the power from her, make her helpless, give her a taste of something she would never be able to live without once I had made her mine. And little did she know… I could do it. I could turn her into anything I wanted, reshape this gorgeous creature into anything that I chose.

Our eyes locked, and I felt her telepathic probes reaching into my mind like fingers of ice-water, unwelcome, violating. I instinctively pushed back, using the same power-nullifying abilities that had allowed me to conquer Stacy X all those months ago. Emma held my gaze as we shook hands, staring into me coldly, a subtle threat lurking in her eyes like a concealed dagger. But even as she held my hand firmly, it was as if a light above her head went off, and I knew her access to her own powers had been swiftly and efficiently curtailed.

Instantly, a little of her composure slipped. Almost imperceptibly, but we both knew it. She looked at me questioningly for a moment, surely sensing the invasive violation of her own mind, the impotence as she was rendered… powerless.

“Miles,” she said, shaking off the sudden quietness in her mind. “What a pleasure to meet you. My name is Emma Frost.”

“Of course, of course,” I said, welcoming her into the grand foyer and shutting the mahogany door behind her. She glanced around, noting the opulent surroundings, the expansive open floor plan of the mansion I’d once called home. I knew that like me, she’d enjoyed a privileged upbringing, and had refined herself into a razor-sharp edge. A mutant who had used her not inconsiderable powers to carry out her own agenda even as she ran a multi-billion-dollar multinational corporation.

“Please, come up to my office,” I said, beckoning toward the grand staircase leading up to the second floor. “I have to say, I was surprised to receive your email. Xavier’s Academy is a renowned school, but I’ve never been what you might call a… star student.”

“Well,” Emma replied, following me up the steps. “We at the Academy believe students learn in many different ways and any one of us can reach our full potential with the right… guidance.”

“That’s cool,” I said casually, strolling down the hallway, leading Emma to the office. “I mean, I didn’t even finish my freshman year at…”

“Yes,” Emma said sharply. “We’ve reviewed your transcripts.”

“Oh,” I said, reaching the door of my office and inviting her inside. “I, uh… see you’ve done your research, then.”

“The Xavier Academy is one of the most exclusive institutions in the world, offering a

one-of-a-kind curriculum and campus experience," Emma said, rattling of a canned line I'm sure she'd repeated to a thousand prospective students.

I took a set behind my desk, and as she bent to sit across from me I glanced down into her deep cleavage. My cock was stiffening in my pants as I took in my guest's appearance at close quarters, quickly tenting in my lap, pressing up against the underside of the heavy desk. It was becoming uncomfortable very quickly, my heart thudding in my chest.

"Yes, I'm familiar with the sales pitch," I said breezily. "My files on Xavier's school are somewhat exhaustive. I've done my research as well, Miss Frost. For example, I'm aware that Frost Enterprises has been buying up the stock of my father's company at an… alarming rate. As of now you're… let me see… a 26.4% shareholder."

I thrilled as I watched Emma hesitate then smile to herself. She'd underestimated me, and she was recognizing it now. Too late. All too late. She sniffed the air once, idly, then looked at me levelly, trying to play it cool.

"Thirty percent as of this morning," she said. "And fifty-one by the January investors call, if our projections are on track."

I nodded, letting her threat hang in the air. She sniffed again, face scrunching briefly as she acknowledged the pungent, musky odor in the room.

"I notice that you're used to dealing with other mutants," she said, glancing around the room. "Psionic dampening field? Portable power nullifier? Something like that?"

"Something like that," I smiled thinly, bluffing confidence even though I was only just now discovering this new aspect of my own powers. "Simply giving you the respect you deserve, Miss Frost."

But my eyes were wandering, from her cool blue eyes, over her beautiful face, pausing on the slightly parted, pouting pink lips, then down to her breasts, flesh oozing over the neckline of her bustier… to her long, white stocking-clad legs, folded invitingly in front of me.

This could all be mine. I could make her scream, I could force pleasures through her body that she'd never experienced. I could make her beg, I could do things to her that she would both love and despise, and she'd always want more. I focused on her, feeling my mutant pheromones saturating the air around me, knowing it was only a matter of time.

"It doesn't feel much like respect," she remarked haughtily, a tinge of disgust in her voice as I regarded her body voraciously. "I don't need to be a mind-reader to see what your'e thinking. Don't make me laugh, boy. You're well out of your league."

"Why are you here, Miss Frost?" I asked, dropping the cordial tone. "Professional

courtesy before you buy us out? Or is it really something to do with your school?"

"Both," she said, eyebrow arched. "You'll be a billionaire by the time the buy-out is complete, Miles. And you'll have a generous option on Frost Enterprises shares. But beyond that, I can offer you a future with those of your own kind. At the academy, we can teach you to reach the zenith of your mutant capabilities. We can involve you in all aspects of our operation, from the corporate to the covert. I should imagine you're fully aware of what I'm talking about."

"Yes, the *X-Men,*" I replied. "Not that you guys are having the best of times at the moment. Hundreds dead after the Hellfire Gala massacre. Most of the team still missing. I can see why you're recruiting."

She pursed her lips, a look of irritation crossing her beautiful face. And god, she was beautiful. Physically on par with the most glamorous models I'd "entertained" but so powerful too… on an entirely different level from anyone who'd ever graced my bed before.

"Yes, Miss Frost, I'm fully aware of what you're talking about," I said, casually skimming the X-Men dossier on my laptop. "But with all due respect you aren't. I'm guessing you used your Cerebro machine to identify me as a mutant… but your technology hasn't categorized or even identified my abilities yet, am I right?"

She regarded me with cold silence, and I could sense her mind straining against my own, struggling to access her telepathy. My heart beat faster, sending a rush of adrenaline through my body, and I could almost feel the pheromones surging from my pores. I enjoyed watching as she sniffed in annoyance, breathing in my desire for her, attacking her from the inside without her even knowing it.

"I'll take that as a 'yes,'" I smirked, as she failed utterly to throw off the mental block dampening her powers, slumping defeated in her chair.

I rose from behind my desk and walked around it casually, my cock tenting the front of my pants, the outline of my massive, heavy, footlong shaft visible through the fabric.Her eyes fell down to the unsightly, tumescent bulge in my pants and she gasped as I circled the desk, approaching her chair. God I was so fucking hard, and I wanted nothing more in that moment than to relieve the pressure, to free my prick from those constricting pants and revel in the full, powerful erection I knew was steadily forming… before using Emma's body to pleasure myself, sprinting toward the glorious climax I knew would dash her free will and end her life as she knew it.

"Maybe you'd like to see a small demonstration of my powers," I began, drawing closer to her, "Before you go and leave me in peace, withdrawing your poisoned claws from my company."

"Look," she started, flinching away from me, trying to get up out of her chair, unable to do so as I softly yet firmly placed my hand on her shoulder, returning her to the chair.

“I’m not here to make an enemy. I’m here to offer you a chance to learn, to better yourself, to be part of something worthwhile. The Xavier Academy’s mission of peaceful coexistence…”

“Shh,” I said softly, putting a finger to my lips, thrilling as she trailed off, blinking in confusion as she obeyed my gentle command. “Humor me for a while, Emma.”

I smiled, kneeling next to her leather armchair. “Just close your eyes for a second. Inhale deeply. Relax. I’m not your enemy.”

She looked at me strangely, hesitantly, out of the corner of her eye, sensing a trap closing in but unable to see understand what was really happening. Already, the pheromones were starting to affect her, just like any other woman. My heart beat faster, my months-long obsession with Emma reaching its peak. I couldn’t help myself and I reached down to massage my cock through my pants as I knelt beside her chair, sighing in pleasure as I ran my fingers up and down the turgid shaft, rubbing the sensitive head, feeling a pulse of searing hot pre-cum spurt into my underwear — *sppluuorrrt.* Emma heard it too, heard that and the muffled gurgling as my hyperactive balls churned and pulsed within my pants. She looked at me, not comprehending.

“Close your eyes,” I said reassuringly. “Go ahead. It’s okay.”

Her eyes closed slowly, dreamily, and I smiled as she obeyed, inhaling deeply, taking my musk deeply inside of her, her body’s betrayal beginning, the spell beginning to take hold.

“You’re a beautiful woman, Emma,” I said, stroking my cock slowly through my pants beside her chair, trembling with lust. “You know… men look at you, they want you, they desire you. How many men, do you think, have masturbated with you in their minds?”

“Nnn,” she murmured, wincing uncomfortably at my suddenly vulgar language.

“Do you enjoy that deep, savage urge every man has… to impale you? To fuck you?” I asked innocently. “How often have you peered into their minds to savor those dark fantasies? I know you enjoy power, Emma. I enjoy it too.”

Her eyes were closed tight, her breathing getting heavier and heavier as arousal took over her, my soft words in her ear setting light to the desires of her body, amplified and concentrated as the essence of my mutant-powered pheromones speared deeply into her mind.

“Let me tell you what you are, Emma,” I hissed. “You’re a tease. An exhibitionist. You put your body on display in order to get what you want. Your looks are a promise to every man that has something that you want. Such power you have… but it’s nothing to me except an obstacle to break down. I can strip all the control away from you… make you needy… make you want nothing more than to give your slut body away.”

Her deep breathing became something approaching panting now as I unbuttoned her jacket, slipping my hand inside to the warmth of her lacy white bustier. Her massive round tits swelled, yearning to burst free, straining against the flimsy lace material. My hand started at her flat stomach, tracing up her ribs, and the older woman barely contained a yelp as I suddenly, roughly palmed her heaving breast, my fingers sinking into the soft, pliable flesh. I chuckled into her ear as she subconsciously arched her back, pushing her chest out against my groping hand, feeding more titflesh between my questing fingers. I felt her nipples stiffen automatically as I pawed her like a common whore.

“I can turn all that power against you, Emma. Your looks, your mutant gifts, your confidence, your downright arrogance. I can reshape you…” My hand was on the side of her face now, thumb tracing up her chin to those pouting pink lips. They parted for me and my thumb pushed past, into her hot, wet mouth, and she sucked dutifully on the invading digit. “I can make you want it like you’ve never wanted it before.”

I withdrew my thumb from between her lips and smiled as she mewled quietly, in loss. My hand slipped down, resting on her leg, and I smiled as they parted for me, my fingers stroking deep into her inner thigh, the softness of her stocking against my palm. I was breathing against her cheek, my body close against hers, feeling heat radiating off her as I continued massaging and jerking my rigid cock through the front of my pants, pre-cum drooling freely into my underwear as my balls rumbled and churned.

I pushed my hand deeper, up under her skirt, closer to the warmth snugly nestled at the juncture between those perfectly shaped, long legs. Past her stocking top, brushing over the lace to the softness of her flesh. How much control did the mighty White Queen possess? How much of my own power would I need, and how much of a slut was she? I smiled to myself, a feeling of exultation flooding me as my hand grazed against the lacy of her panties. This was easy, as easy as any of the hundreds I’d already seduced and enslaved. There was nothing different about Emma. She was just another woman, another slut, ready for me…

“Did you think you came here today to acquire my company?” I kissed her softly on the cheek. “No, Emma… I brought you here… so I could acquire *you*…”

“Nuh… no…” she whimpered, and I felt her mind pushing reflexively against my own mental barriers again. “NO!!!”

She screamed suddenly, breaking away from me and standing bolt upright. I knelt beside the chair, eyes blazing with lust, as she backed away from me, a delicious look of fear in her eyes. In that moment, she was a far cry from the confident and assured predator she had been when she entered my office. Now, she was prey, and she knew it. Before I could say anything, she turned and practically dashed toward the door, disappearing out into the hall. I heard her heels clicking down the staircase, and then the creak and slam as she exited through the front door of the house.

I let her leave, escaping the range of my powers, and I knew she had made it to the

chauffeur-driven limousine parked outside. My heart was racing, a feeling of triumph and raw power making me shiver with excitement. My cock thrummed in my pants, solidifying into a diamond-hard slab that I knew would not abate until it had served its purpose and blown its potent, mind-warping load into my newest victim.

Emma had shown impressive resistance, after all. I hadn't expected her to break free of the conditioning, but she clearly possessed a firm and resolute will, moreso than 99% of the women I had conquered, who would have been putty in my hands by now. Perhaps her telepathic powers granted her some defensive failsafe. Either way… I had failed. I cursed my hubris. After everything, all the planning, all the obsessing… Emma had eluded my grasp, slipped through my fingers. Now, she was out there, in the open. She knew who I was, what I was. I wondered if she would relate this story to her fellow faculty at the Xavier Academy. Or would she be too ashamed, to tell them how she'd let a 16-year-old kid feel her up?

It didn't matter, really. I had prepared for this eventuality — the potential outcome that Emma would escape my office before I could "convert" her.

So… time for Plan B. I picked up the phone to make a few arrangements.

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Emma was scheduled on a flight back to NYC later that afternoon. A private charter, just her as the passenger. This gave me plenty of time to put my scheme into action. It was simple really — in fact, it only took one phone call to put everything in place. I went through the broker and cancelled her flight, replacing the charter with my own private jet.

My cock was hard, uncomfortably hard, as I sorted out the details. Emma was on my mind constantly. Thinking of her sent savage urges rushing through my body, images of how I would take her, some images I recalled from dreams that felt like a lifetime ago, yet still burned in the back of my brain. This time, there would be no slow build-up like I had attempted earlier, in my office. I loved the thought of making her body rebel against her mind, but I knew that the next time I saw her, my need for her would be too deep, too brutal.

Emma's charter had specified chilled champagne for the flight, and I arranged to have it ready for her on board so that nothing seemed amiss. But with one important modification — it was drugged with a powerful, fast-acting sedative, which would render Emma unconscious within moments.

In the meantime, as the seconds and minutes ticked on like an eternity, I eagerly scanned through the X-Men files for the thousandth time. After the mutant massacre and the fall of Krakoa, the team was in crisis. No Xavier to guide them, no effective leadership at all really. Not only could I defeat Frost's takeover of the company — I could defeat them all. Psylocke, the deadly and beautiful ninja assassin. Rogue, the untouchable southern belle. Storm, the weather goddess. Jean Grey, the Phoenix

herself. I could have them all if I wanted. All of them. And those that stood in my way… would be dealt with. Just as my mother and father had been dealt with. An accident, they said. Three takeover bids for the company in two years said otherwise.

I took the car to the airport — nothing attention-seeking, just the BMW. The jet sat on the tarmac waiting for me and I smiled, thinking to myself that Emma would already be inside, unconscious, ready and ripe.

Indeed she was — as I dipped my head through the cabin door, I saw her sprawled in one of the plush lounge seats, chin in her chest, dozing soundly, a champagne flute laying at her feet. I gave the go-ahead to the pilots for takeoff and they retreated behind the soundproof cockpit door, engines already running, the trip about to commence. Just a few hours to New York City, quality time for the White Queen and myself to become… especially close acquaintances.

I sighed to myself as I saw her body limply draped in the seat, and massaged my firm cock through my pants shamelessly, standing beside her unconscious form. I surged with lust, the first stabs of concentrated desire slicing through my body like glass as I examined her body. The perfect white business power suit, the short skirt I had lifted earlier, the bustier — just a bit too fetishistic, emphasizing her impressive FF-cup breasts, her chin resting in her own deep cleavage as she dozed. The long, stocking-clad legs, sticking out before her awkwardly. That gorgeous face, the plump lips, the heavy-lidded eyes. This woman used her looks to get what she wanted, enjoyed the manipulation of those that were attracted to her. So beautiful, so refined, so elegant — such a special poise about her that set her apart from all the women I had enjoyed before. I could feel the intensity of my desire inside me. To have her, to addict her, to use her just as she had used so many men before.

I couldn't control myself, reaching out and pulling her forward in her seat, shuffling her jacket down her bare arms. There was a bedroom at the back of the jet and I slipped Emma's arm over my shoulder, lifting her and shuffling her to the door, then tossing her unceremoniously onto the bed. I looked down at her, reaching out with my mind, totally blocking all access to the mutant powers she commanded, her vulnerability exciting me still further.

The drug would wear off completely within 15 minutes, and I noticed she was beginning to stir — her long legs twitching, her pouting lips parting slightly, her massive, bulging breasts rising and falling with each breath.

I produced a set of zip-ties and bound Emma's wrists and ankles to the four corners of the bed, securing her tightly. My heart beat faster as I gazed down at her prone, helpless body, and I decided I couldn't wait any longer. I inched the fly of my pants down, the girthy mass within pushing the front of the trousers wide before springing out jauntily, swinging from side to side, my erection massive and heavy but supported by the strength of its own rigidity. The feeling of relief as my prick escaped my pants was profound, and I gingerly slipped my boxers down over my gurgling, swollen, cum-stuffed balls, sighing as I let my pants sag and slip to the floor around my feet.

I stepped forward, looming over Emma's unconscious form, taking my cock in hand and stroking myself slowly, the bloated dick-head aiming right at her angelic face, blonde hair splayed about her head. I moved closer, closer, jerking off to the sight of her, to the feeling of power, of having outsmarted her. My cockhead hovered over her face and I moved it under her nose. She sniffed idly, eyelids fluttering as she began to regain consciousness, the effects of the sedative wearing off.

I steadied my breathing and moved forward, peeling back my foreskin and letting the exposed, slimy, spongy, helmet-shaped glans rest on Emma's lips.

"Mmn," she moaned in her sleep, still not fully conscious, eyes closed. I thrilled at the feeling of contact, the violation, and my cock hitched once and burped up a heavy dollop of pre-cum onto her lips. The first issue — so loaded with the good stuff that would drive this bitch out of her fucking mind.

"Mmh," she murmured dreamily, her tongue quickly darting out to sample the gift. "Mnnh."

I grinned, swelling with triumph as the half-aware Emma Frost began to lick and suckle on the end of my prick, instinctively enjoying the milky, sperm-tinged cream load I had gifted her. Her tongue swiped over my glans, and I pushed up, spreading her lips with my swollen dick-head, enjoying their plump softness and the way they parted for me. Her tongue ran along my piss-slit, earning her another oozing, pearly glob of pre-cum, which she swiftly slurped between her pouting pink lips, moaning and savoring the taste.

Then, as I watched, her eyelids fluttered and slowly opened, her eyes focusing in the dim fluorescent lighting of the private jet interior as she came awake.

"Hmm?" she hummed curiously, slowly registering her surroundings. Then, the dawning panic as she saw my massive, angry, footlong cock hovering over her face. "Whuhh— what— What the *fuck?!"*

I smiled, backing up a step as the White Queen struggled against her bonds, wriggling and writhing on the bed, gyrating her hips in a mad attempt to break free, ultimately in vain. She looked up at me, recognizing my face, looking back down at my massive, looming, cum-drooling cock as I fisted it right in front of her.

"W-where am I? What in the hell do you think you're doing?" she raged, arching her back and jerking her chin toward me in a useless attempt to break free of the tight zip-ties binding her to the bed. "I *demand* that you release me at once… you filthy, disgusting little *pervert!*"

SMAKK!!

I slapped Emma hard in the face, without warning, jerking her head to the side and

making her yelp pathetically. She looked up at me with fearful, tear-rimmed eyes, my handprint blooming on her reddened cheek as I took her by the chin, forcing her to stare into my eyes.

“You don’t make demands anymore, Emma,” I growled. “Listen closely. I… am your Master. Your body is to be my plaything, your mind my possession. And in return for your submission, I’ll give you rapture beyond your comprehension.”

She started to shiver as I leaned over and placed the flat of my tongue on her cheek, licking her sloppily, leaving my saliva on her skin. The chemical element of my powers is its true strength, and that contact had the desired effect on my new acquisition, as I noticed a slight, involuntary buck of her tight hips.

Emma Frost was a sexual creature, I knew that. Despite being the total control freak, she loved sex, loved the feeling of a straining hard prick sinking deep inside of her. I could sense these things, sense them and exploit them. Moreover, I knew the sensations I’d engendered in her earlier, in my office, were now returning, faster and swifter than ever. Once my imprinting takes effect, the prey reacts far swifter to further exposure.

The only thing that disappointed me was that I had somehow expected taking a superheroine to be so much more… challenging. I had expected a great test in defiling her, I wanted her to fight me, to combat the feelings I gave her — but beyond some perfunctory resistance, she was easy. I wondered if the other X-Women, like Jean Grey, would present a more satisfying challenge.

“Stop this,” Emma said, quaking with a heady mixture of rage and fear. “You don’t want to do this… Do you hear me? Do you have even the slightest idea who I am?”

SLAPP!!

I smacked her again, really leaning into it, stunning her, and her eyes rolled in her head for a moment before she blinked and regained awareness.

“I know exactly who you are, bitch,” I said, fisting my cock, my nuts churning and gurgling. “The great White Queen… I’ve been watching you, studying you, for months. Waiting for this day.”

Without another word, I crawled onto the bed, swinging my leg over Emma’s waist and straddling her, kneeling over her chest. She started to struggle again, writhing against the bonds, as my footlong cockshaft hovered over her, belching up droplets of white cream onto her cleavage. Her bountiful, jiggling tits were absolutely bursting out of her flimsy, strapless white bustier. I reached forward and slipped my fingers under the cups of the bustier and her eyes went wide.

“Nnnnooo!!” she wailed. “Get your hands off me! You — you little shit! Are you out of your fucking mind?? I’ll destroy you for this!!”

Ignoring her completely, I ripped the bustier down, tearing the lace, unveiling her massive, round, porcelain-white titties to my eyes. I groaned at the sight of them — round and perfect, big and plump, teardrop-shaped, each capped with a candy-pink areola and puffy nipple. They exploded out of her top as I tore it away, seemingly expanding before my eyes as they were released, jiggling and swaying as she attempted to shimmy away from me, trapped between my legs, my cock floating over her torso.

I caught her breasts in my hands, squeezing hard, enjoying the firmness and the yielding softness from her heaving, mountainous tits. The flesh oozed between my fingers as I bore down, making her squeal as I groped and kneaded her naked titties like raw dough, squashing them together on her chest, gathering the supple mounds and crushing them together in a deep cleavage. My fingers found her blushing pink nipples and pinched, making her squirm and grimace as she shook her head in denial, over and over again, desperate to break free and escape this torture.

“Nnnnoo… Mmmnoohhh!!”

I felt a sense of completeness I had not experienced since my first encounter with Stefanie, as I realized I had seen this moment before in my dreams, that I was now living through my own premonition. My cock spontaneously erupted and spurted a blubbery, white-hot rope of sperm against Emma’s fat underboobs and I shuddered, swiping my hyper-sensitive dick-head over her jelly-soft flesh, smearing the cum discharge into her skin with the beet-red glans of my throbbing, vein-riddled cock.

“D-don’t… touch me,” Emma pleaded, sounding childish and pathetic as she whimpered beneath me. “Please… whatever you’re thinking, you don’t have to do this…”

But she was wrong. I knew what I had to do. I knew what came next.

I squeezed her breasts together, my fingers sinking deep into the pillowy flesh, my hands disappearing up to the wrist as I squashed her jugs into a wall of cleavage and then sank my diamond-hard prick in from below, forcing my way between her tits. I thrust forward, my footlong length of cockshaft disappearing up into that valley of cleavage, and Emma bared her teeth at me, still shaking her head in disbelief.

“Hnggg… nooo,” she hissed. “You son of a bitch… you fucking shit…”

I sawed in and out of her cleavage, enjoying the warm, tight, jelly-soft tunnel of flesh as I squashed her titties together around my shaft, crushing my cock beneath an avalanche of pale, squishy tit-meat, reducing Emma to the status of fuck-toy, object, plaything.

“Nnuhhh,” she groaned. “God *damn you!!* No!! Help! Help me! Somebody!!”

“No one’s coming to help you, Emma,” I crowed. “No one can hear you. You’re mine.”

“Shut up!!” she barked, thrashing, trying to wriggle out from under me as I kept kneading and massaging her supple titties, thrusting my cock in between them. The feeling on my sensitive glans was intense, my foreskin pulled back and forth by the friction as I ground my cock into her canyon, lubricating it with spurts of milky, syrup-thick pre-cum. My cock belched up a gargantuan load of spunk onto her exposed tits and she yelped at the intense heat of it as I smeared the wad all over her marshmallow-soft flesh.

With her breasts pancaked around my cock, I rocked my hips in tight, eager thrusts, strangling my cock between her titties, feeling the cordlike veins bulge along the length, slicing into her soft, soft flesh as I drove forward again and again and again. I clutched her creamy globes, gripping them, sinking my fingers in deep, milking my cock between them, feeling so thick within her cleavage, jostling them up and down, my hips slapping against her fat tits with a repeating *plapp-plapp-plapp-plapp…*

“I can do anything I want to you,” I grinned down at her. “You’re my property now, Emma… my personal fuckslave…”

“Nrrh,” she grunted, trying to turn away from me as my cockhead exploded out of her cleavage over and over, bashing her in the chin, smearing up against her cheek, battering her senseless. “Shut up… shut the fuck up… Nooo!!”

“Yes!” I shouted, my cock thrusting up between her tits and pummeling her in the face. “Give in! Your resistance is meaningless… Your mind is weak!”

I crushed her tits together, creating a perfect jiggling fuck-tunnel for my veiny, granite-hard dick, humping forward greedily, my fist-sized cockhead bashing Emma in the face over and over. I got into a steady rhythm, fucking her tit-pussy, enjoying the movement of her jiggling soft flesh around my shaft, the way my dickhead slammed into her chin again and again with the force of a heavyweight boxer.

“You’ll never get away with this,” she wept. “The X-Men will make you pay… *I will make you pay!!”*

Such brave words from the mighty White Queen, but so ultimately hopeless. She was already well on the way to the enslavement that would change her life forever. It was only a matter of how long I would contain myself now. Sperm oozed from my dick as I thrust into her cleavage and I moaned in release as pre-cum flooded her cleavage, seeping into her skin, sensitizing her nerve-endings, slowly driving her crazy with desire.

“You’re so fucked,” I hissed, pissing a continuous stream of pre-cum that turned her cleavage into a sloppy, burbling swamp of chowder-thick cream. “You’ve already lost, Emma… You just can’t accept it yet…”

“Nnauuuhhhh,” she moaned, as my cocktip squashed against her cheek, thrust up against her pouting lips, thudded against her chin, drove up into her nose. She turned her head to avoid the insistent cock-thrusts, but it was hopeless.

“You think you’re special?” I sneered. “I’ve raped a thousand women like you… Smug, arrogant bitches… You’re all the same… Beneath it all you’re just another stupid whore… Deep down… you crave domination… You need someone to rule you…”

“N-never,” she mewled. “You make me… f-fucking sick… You twisted… little boy…”

I thrust my pelvis forward, my leaking cocktip slicing into the welcoming valley of her cleavage with lewd, meaty sounds — *shlukk, shlurpp, skwishh, shlupp* — while my balls, heavy and big around as grapefruits, bounced against her underboobs with a dull *thwopp, thwopp, thwopp.*

“Don’t fight the feelings,” I goaded her. “Just give in and enjoy it…”

“Hhrnnh… nuhhh… son of a bitch… get you…” Emma muttered, her resistance reduced to a stream of grunts and curse words as I used her roughly, her cleavage making lewd farting and squelching noises as I thrust into her.

“Fuck, fuck, ooohhh gawwdd,” she moaned. “Gguhh… you motherfuck… Oh Christ… Oh, god…”

Her jiggling tit-meat clapped around my cock and she bit her lip, looking up at me with pleading eyes as my helmet-shaped glans continued to beat her in the face with every tit-thrust, humping against her cum-slick tit-channel with insistent, body-rocking thrusts.

I could see her mind melting in real time, her eyes rolling back in her head deliriously as the super-sensitized nerve endings in her tits were lit on fire by my insistent cock-thrusts and the unending torrent of pre-cum I was oozing into her cleavage.

“Cum for your Master, Emma,” I hissed. “Let go… Cum for me… Cum for me and become my slave forever…”

She shook her head frantically, a last, desperate act of resistance before I pushed her over the edge. I squeezed her tits roughly, pinching her fat, cum-soaked nipples, and her back arched beneath me as she came, screaming in ecstasy as the waves of climax hit her, her brain now addicted to me.

Knowing she was mine, I drove myself deep into her cleavage and let loose. My cock-head emerged from the cum-flooded cleft between her titties, and my coinslot-sized dickhole opened and burped up a long, fat, semi-solid cord of cum jelly. It looped out and arced over Emma’s face onto the pillow just above her head, the tail of it flopping wetly down into her hair, down her forehead, and across one of her eyes before plopping onto her cheek.

Emma’s mouth opened wide at the same moment that my gravid, swollen nuts clenched up tight against the base of my cockshaft. I aimed the fat knob-end of my prick at her yawning slut mouth and erupted.

Shhhpluuuoorrttt!!

I pissed a continuous beam of piping-hot jism into her cum-dumpster mouth, sloppy cum ropes coiling in the back of her throat and piling up over her tongue. When my cock had finished geysering the first huge jet, it was only a half a second before the next one followed, then the next, and the next, and the next. Each spurt sent a shard of blistering ecstasy through my cock, my mind floating on a tide of endless rapture as I unloaded my nuts onto the woman I had been obsessed with for months.

Pulsing blasts of hot, stinking sperm quickly flooded Emma's mouth and I was now hosing down her face, paving her eyes over in a thick layer of cum-sludge, burying her forehead under pearly, steaming ropes. My cock shot so hard that a few times it totally overshot her cum-plastered face and spurted up over the pillows and the headboard of the bed, decorating them in jelly-thick ropes. The room was filled with the sound of gelatinous splattering as I fired off seemingly endless volleys of cum.

Skkluuorrtttt! Spluuurrrttt! Skuuuuuushhh! Pblblbpbpbtttt!!

Emma, incredibly, didn't even flinch or try to avoid the coating. She just gurgled dumbly through that huge mouthful of sperm as I continuously ejaculated all over her face — dozens upon dozens of massive, gushing spurts. Finally, after almost three minutes of nonstop climax, my cum spurts started to weaken and I leaned forward, submerging my dickhead in the pool of festering cum overflowing from her yawning mouth. She lifted her head and wrapped her full, plump lips around my fat, throbbing, still-spurting knob, demonstrating her submission, slurping lovingly on the tip.

The White Queen had been enslaved to my cock and I hadn't even touched her cunt.

Her cheeks bloated even larger as I grunted and pissed a fresh beam of jism into her mouth with such force that twin jets of pudding-thick nut sauce spurted from her nostrils. With those jiggling cords of cock snot hanging out of her nose, the newly minted cum-slut started swallowing the massive quantities of raw nut sloshing around in her inflated cheeks, even as I spurted more into her cum-stuffed mouth. I squeezed her tits together, milking my shaft, as Emma sucked and slurped and swallowed the last fat, buttery spurts.

Wanting every last drop I could feed her, Emma kept gently suckling on the tip of my cockhead, prodding the tip of her tongue inside my dickhole, rimming the fleshy collar of foreskin, seeking out new treasures, any delectable treats she may have missed. My cock burped up fat, gooey wads of spunk every few seconds, and she gulped them down eagerly.

Once the rapture had abated and I was sure I was truly finished blowing my enormous load, I pulled her mouth off my cum-covered cockhead with a wet *plorrpp!* and let my prick slide back between her cum-glazed titties. With her face completely buried beneath a thick, gooey mask of steaming sperm, Emma's cheeks bulged again and she opened her mouth to let out a rumbling, indecent belch.

Bbrrrraauuupp!!

I withdrew, my cock sliding wetly all the way out of her cleavage. Her enormous breasts held their position high on her chest, glued together by my loads, before slowly sliding apart to reveal the dense latticework of chunky, thick cum strands connecting each big, fat titty to the other.

Emma looked up at me, cum dripping down heavily over her eyelashes, swishing and chewing the residual semen in her mouth. I could see she struggled to chew the dense jelly cum worms filling her mouth — they were so solid, so potent, so rich with sperm, that she really had to work to grind them down into pieces small enough to swallow. She chewed and slurped curds of concentrated spunk, eating my jism mindlessly, as I knelt over her, idly slapping her tits back and forth with my cock. I was still iron-hard — my prick had lost none of its rigidity even after the mind-blowing experience of that perfect, long-awaited climax. The arm-thick slab of meat throbbed with ominous potential as I drummed it playfully on her fat, sloshing, lily-white breasts.

When Emma had finally swallowed everything in her mouth, she smacked her lips and looked up at me in wonderment, her tongue creeping out to clear the cum-ropes off her face, eager to sate her insatiable lust for my cream.

“W-what have you done to me?” she murmured, eyes heavy-lidded and vacant. “Your cum tastes… unbelievable… I never could have imagined… I want… I… I n-need *more*… already… I’ve never felt this way… I feel so dirty… but so fucking good…”

I nodded, grinning, swiping my cock back and forth over her jiggling, jelly-soft titties, smearing blubbery, glistening ropes of sickly white cream into her flesh. My cum-covered slave looked up at me in amazement.

“How is this possible?” she asked, watching my drooling dickhead hungrily. “You’re just a… a kid…”

“Whatever I am, Emma, I am also your Master,” I said. To emphasize my point, I scooped up some fresh jism from my oozing, burbling cockhead, then presented my fingers to her mouth. Emma looked into my eyes, back to my fingers, considering the perverse gift before her. I could tell she fought valiantly for a second to hold herself back, but I knew that she was doomed. Her head craned forward and her lips closed around my fingers as she sucked hungrily, her eyes closing in pleasure as she did so.

When I was satisfied, I dismounted from the bed and reached up to unbind Emma’s hands, removing the zip-ties and freeing her from her restraints. As I unbound her ankles, she sat up on the bed, rubbing her sore wrists gingerly, watching me. Then, she raised her hands to her face and began scooping the heaping ropes of jism off her cheeks, feeding more dense, jelly-thick loads into her mouth, slurping greedily, eating my cream in a depraved show of devotion, slaking her endless thirst for my cum.

“Why… why me…?” she managed to ask between mouthfuls, before hurriedly adding, “…Master.”

Ah. The big question. She was mine now — the truth wouldn’t hurt.

“Why?” I chuckled, sitting down beside her on the bed. “It’s very simple, Emma. I wanted a challenge. Since age fourteen, I’ve fucked every woman I wanted and desired. I started in my hometown by fucking the homecoming queen. After that, I soon realized the sky was the limit. I’ve made supermodels beg for my cum. But it was too easy; there was no real danger. So I’ve decided to target you super-powered types… If I can best you, there will truly be nobody left to oppose me.”

Emma shivered next to me, her naked breasts jiggling enticingly, part revolted, part aroused by my scheme. She licked her fingers clean and started scooping up cream from between her tits, slurping it up out of her cupped hands like a man in the desert who had come upon an oasis.

“But… you could have taken anyone…” she said, pausing, cream dribbling from her lips and chin.

I smiled.

“You were the most convenient choice,” I said. “You literally walked in through my door and made yourself my prey. But you wouldn’t believe the scale of my plans. First you, then the other X-Women… and then…?”

I shrugged, smiling mischievously, arching one eyebrow. I looked over and Emma was distracted, her eyes locked on my iron-girder cock, jutting up out of my lap, cradled between my legs by two swollen, bloated, gurgling, coconut-sized balls. The bitch was literally drooling as she stared at my cock, like a dog slavering after a reward treat.

“You’re still… hard,” she whispered reverently.

“Blow me, slave,” I said casually, leaning back on the bed, cock standing straight up, ready for her.

Emma looked up and I could see the moment of conflict in her mind, the indecision. She was still fresh enough to know how wrong this all was, to understand that I had done something vulgar and unnatural to her. But her addiction to me, to my pheromones, to my cream, was too strong for her to fight. Telepath or not… Alpha-class mutant or not… She was still just a woman. I had permanently altered her brain chemistry, enslaving her to my will. There was nothing she could do.

She slunk down off the bed and knelt on the floor between my legs. I thrilled at the feeling of victory as I saw her supplicating herself on her knees before me — this longtime thorn in my side, finally brought to heel. All her plans and schemes to steal my father’s company from me… this is where it had led her.

She was breathing heavily, primitive excitement gripping her as she regarded my looming, stiff-straight cock. My balls twitched, that familiar churning and gurgling which characterized the production of a fresh, sperm-infused cumload. A pearl of translucent pre-cum bubbled forth from my piss-slit as shew watched it with a look of insane, religious fervor on her face. She sniffed, smelling the stench of my musk hanging in the air, then she reached forward, taking hold of my cock.

Her fingers wrapped around it, and I saw the stunned look on her face as she realized she couldn't fully encircle the throbbing girth with one hand. She licked both of her palms slovenly, and then gripped me tightly with both of them, beginning a steady, methodical, two-fisted pumping. My cock jerked, inflating in her grip, twitching and shrugging threateningly as she stroked me slowly, from the base of the shaft up to the flared cockhead. I hissed with lust and she smiled up at me, pride in her eyes. As she stroked, my foreskin retracted slightly, revealing more of my helmet-shaped glans, and I saw her eyelids flutter at the powerful aroma wafting up from my dick and coating her palms.

She leaned in and brushed my cockhead against her cheek. The hot, spongy glans smeared a residue of thick pre-cum along the side of her face before she drew it up to her nose and inhaled deeply, moaning. She ran her face down the side of my cock, sniffing shamelessly, lost to the sensation, to the power of my pheromones. She drank in my musk, diving down into my bulging scrotum, driving her nose straight into my bloated ballsack, smothering herself with my two mighty sperm-tank nuts.

She jacked me lovingly, cradling my throbbing, footlong erection in her hands. My veins pulsed with obscene power, rippling against her fingers as another gob of pre-cum drooled from my winking piss-slit. Emma collected it between her fingers and used it to lubricate her masturbation, speeding her strokes. She drew both hands up over the huge, spongy cockhead and slathered them in my juices, which burbled forth in heavy pulses now, streaming down the length in rivulets.

She kissed the exposed glans sloppily, smearing her puffy bimbo lips over it, rubbing her tongue over the slit. I seethed with lust and reached forward, putting my hand on the back of her head, sinking my fingers into her shimmering blonde hair, guiding her downwards. Her pink lips spread as she opened wide to take my dickhead into her mouth. It was so large that she started gagging pathetically before it was even fully inside, but she kept sinking down onto it, opening her jaw wide to accommodate the fist-sized glans and impossible girth.

I pushed her down farther, and the flanged lip at the base of my cockhead caught on Emma's teeth before squeezing past, until my cock slid into the back of her throat with a wet *GLUCK.* She did her best to start swallowing inch after inch of my fat dick, gurgling wetly, eyes rolling back in her head as she drooled all over my length. My cock flexed in her throat and disgorged a sudden torrent of white-hot pre-cum that shot down into her stomach like a firehose. She gagged, then coughed up a big blast of spit and pre-cum all over my dick… mucusy gunk drooling out of her nose and the corners of her mouth.

I gripped her by the hair and pushed her down hard, firing another prolonged blast of pre-cum into her milking throat. She let me fuck her face a little faster now even though it clearly discomforted her, gagging and coughing up spit all over herself as she tried to keep feverishly jacking my shaft with her hands, her fingers dancing down to squeeze and cradle my heavy, grapefruit-sized balls. She looked up at me with glassy eyes as I fucked her throat, making lewd, indecent, animalistic choking noises as I violated her face.

“Glllluurrkk! Glucckkk!! Hllurrrk!! Glllrrrkk!!”

The gagging and gurgling noises got louder, Emma’s throat bulging obscenely as she stuffed herself full of my cock, coughing so hard that pre-cum blasted from her nostrils in wild, looping ribbons. I spurted three consecutive jets of pre-cum so deep into her throat, so hard that it felt like I was just pissing. She looked up with unfocused eyes, my cock sinking ever further down her throat, and I could tell by the way she was drawing deep, desperate breaths that she was trying not to suffocate and pass out on the end of my prick.

“Glluaaarkkk!” Emma croaked as I slammed into her throat again and again. “Hrrrkk!!”

Hugging her head in my lap, fingers deep in her hair, I suddenly flipped on the bed, rolling over, dragging her with me and pinning her under me against the bed, fucking down into her throat now as I mounted her face.

I humped against her skull, driving my cock down into her throat, the outline of my prick helmet visible in her slender neck as thick gouts of throat slime and mucus foamed up out of her mouth, dripping down her chin onto her tits in a viscous river of spit and scum that flowed into her cleavage. I choked her ruthlessly with my dick, pounding away at her throat like I was fucking a newly-trained whore’s tight pussy. All the while my pre-cum was leaking constantly down her gullet into her stomach.

“Hhuuaaarrgghhh!!” she gurgled helplessly, hands slapping at my thighs in a feeble plea for mercy. Her legs kicked frantically behind me, heels thudding on the carpeted floor. “Hhhlggghhh! Hnnngggkkhh!!”

I gripped her hair with both hands and held onto her as I fucked down into her throat, humping her face like a pussy, squashing her head into the mattress with every thrust. She gagged and hacked desperately as I only picked up speed, my cock bulging the slender curve of her neck, my heavy ballsack slapping against her chin.

I could tell Emma was growing dazed, her brains scrambled and rattled as I skull-fucked her mercilessly, dominating her totally, dehumanizing and degrading her. Her hands slapped plaintively against my thighs before falling uselessly at her sides. A pearly bubble of sperm-gunk and snot blossomed from one nostril and popped as her eyes rolled crazily in her head, my cock spearing down and jackhammering into her gullet again and again and again.

I slammed my hips into her at full speed, squashing her nose up against my pelvis, pinning her body beneath me, nailing her face to the bed. I put all my weight behind those thrusts, burying my fat cock to the hilt, reaching almost down into her stomach.

I felt my dick swell in her throat before I simply… burst. The sound was audible, a sickening *sppluuurrrggggttt* as the first blast of my climax escaped. Emma's throat swelled out like a bullfrog's as an ungodly amount of hot, chowder spunk pumped into her. She looked up at me with frantic, pleading eyes as I pissed pure, raw, pudding-thick cream-loads into her overfull stomach, the cum rising up her throat and filling her mouth, ballooning her cheeks. She swallowed valiantly, taking more and more chunky, near-solid gobs of cum into her stomach, but she had no sooner gulped it down than another white-hot pulse of jism filled her.

I drank in the desperate fear on Emma's face as I kept cumming, firing off salvos of liquid hot jism down her throat with all the pressurized power of a firehose. Her body twitched under me as I kept her locked in place, her back arched and painfully bent backwards over the bed, my hips crushing her head into the mattress, her legs dancing spastically as I dumped dozens of thick, hot loads into her sputtering, gurgling mouth.

I thought she might black out, her jaw stretched painfully around my swelling member as I force-fed her a diet of jelly-thick cum blasts. I didn't give a fuck, I was so lost in the throes of my intense orgasm, the fulfillment of the fantasy made reality as I skull-fucked Emma Frost and blew my wad down her grasping, gulping throat. I gripped her hair like handlebars and blasted jet after finger-thick jet of clotted white sperm into her passive throat and stomach.

Excess spunk erupted from her throat, seeping out the corners of her mouth and drooling down her chin. Twin cum-cords burst up out of her nostrils like worms wriggling out from beneath the soil, semi-solid and jelly-thick, oozing out incessantly like Play-Doh being forced through an extruder, coiling and drooping over her face like fat, blubbery noodles as she gagged and gargled my heavy cream. Her eyes rolled back in her head, quaking as I just kept nutting into her fuck-sleeve throat and sperm-tank belly.

For minutes on end, my cock ejaculated an endless fountain of spunk down Emma's gullet, until I grunted and spurted out one last, chunky, cement-thick cum-worm into her jism-stuffed gut. I sighed as I relaxed and flopped down on the bed, my hips still pinning Emma's head to the mattress, my cock still embedded in her throat, drooling and belching up smaller after-loads, my balls clenching with each nasty, liquid *spluuurrrttt*. Emma lay still, accepting her place.

Finally I braced myself against her head and rolled off her, extricating more than a foot of slimy, cum-slathered cockshaft from her gullet with a satisfying squelching sound. Emma hacked and coughed as I pulled out of her at last, catching her breath in deep, whooping gasps, sliding off the bed and collapsing onto the floor.

I noticed with grim satisfaction that even as she gasped for air and struggled to breathe,

Emma's tongue sought out the excess sperm running down her face, the noodle-thick cum strands dangling from her nose, the heavy beard of jism framing her chin. She diligently collected the droplets and zig-zagging ropes lining her naked tits and fed her cum-slathered fingers in to her mouth, slurping greedily, cravenly scooping up load after load, moaning quietly to herself with enjoyment at each mouthful.

I looked down at my prize. From being a smartly dressed Alpha-class mutant telepath… Emma Frost, the famed White Queen, was now my whore. Her ruined bustier hung loosely around her waist, her naked breasts hanging heavy and full, jiggling as she sat licking her fingers, tracing lines of cum over her ample chest before hurriedly slurping up her cream reward. Her face was a cum-splattered mess, her makeup smeared and ruined, her eyes lined with dark mascara rings, her blushing cheeks lined with dark streaks.

Thick, pearly jism still burbled and leaked from her nostrils like some snot-nosed kid with the flu, and she was alternately licking up the rivulets that drooled down onto her lips and snorting the cum back into her nostrils like a cocaine addict, eyelids fluttering with pleasure as she huffed my cream deep into her sinuses. My interest in her body was again piqued when I remembered I had not even touched her pussy — she still wore her panties, mini-skirt and stockings.

Emma looked up with her icy-blue eyes and noticed me appreciating her body, pausing her decadent cum feast to meet my gaze.

"Do you want the rest of it, Master?" she purred. "I'm a world-class fuck, and my pussy is yours to use as you please. You can take me in any hole…"

I smiled, letting her flaunt her body, make her little boasts. A far cry from the confident and self-assured woman who had strode into my office earlier that day… Now, she sat huddled in a cum-covered heap on the floor, begging me to take her, to ravage her.

I stroked my softening cock, cleaning it of the thick layer of jism coating the shaft. I held my cum-smeared hand out like a child at a petting zoo and Emma instantly leaned forward, taking my hand in hers and licking my palm, slurping on each finger lovingly, suggestively, seductively, holding eye contact all the while.

"Go clean yourself up," I said, nodding toward the bathroom at the back of the plane. "You look like shit. Have a shower. We'll talk when you're done."

She stood unsteadily and collected her jacket and heels, then shuffled toward the bathroom. My eyes were locked onto the swaying of her toned, full ass in that white miniskirt as she did my bidding. Reaching the door, she turned around, licking another dollop of cum off her cheek as she glanced back at me.

"One thing," she said. "Do you think I can get another corset? I think you ruined this one and I didn't bring a change of clothes."

“You can buy new clothes when we get to New York,” I snapped. “Now do as I say, bitch.”

“Yes, sir,” she replied instantly, scurrying away into the bathroom, head bowed. “Sorry, sir.”

As I heard the shower start up, I sat in one of the plush leather seats beside the porthole windows looking out on the vast plain of clouds below. I relaxed, reclining back, clearing my mind and re-establishing my psychic rapport with my sister, a few thousand miles to the east in New York City.

I felt Stefanie’s joy as I thrust into her mind, burrowing myself into her short-term memory, experiencing recent events through her eyes.

In just the few short hours since Emma Frost had walked into my office, I had initiated the next phase of the Agenda… setting in motion a scheme that would tear the heart and soul out of the X-Men.

The End.